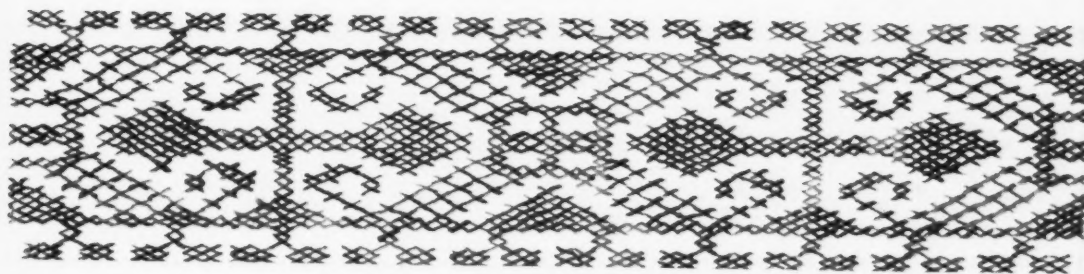
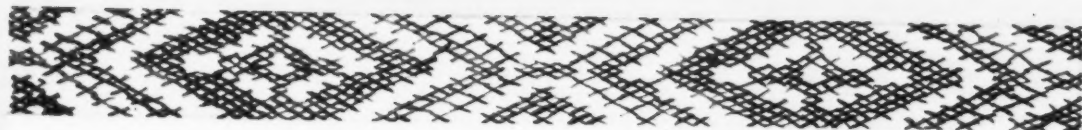


# American Junior Red Cross NEWS



April 1948



#### SPEAKING OF SPRING

"I'M WEARY," Mother Nature said, "of  
Winter's snowy shawl,  
As well as this old patch-piece dress  
which I put on last fall.  
This raggle-taggle bonnet will no longer  
do at all!

"I want a dress with daffodils in ruffles  
round the hem,  
A picture hat with hyacinths entwined  
about the brim,  
A pair of gay green slippers—right away  
I'll order them."

"How soon, O Mother Nature, will you  
wear this finery?"  
A saucy bluebird called to her from out  
a leafless tree.  
"Just wait awhile," she answered him,  
"just wait awhile and see!"

—May Justus

J. Hill

# American Junior Red Cross NEWS

VOLUME 29

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## GOOD NEIGHBORS

WHETHER you live in a village or in a big city or on a farm, you are rich in neighbors. It would be hard to imagine living without a single neighbor. Even Robinson Crusoe on a desert island had his man Friday!

Having neighbors is quite different from having *good* neighbors or being yourself a good neighbor. A good neighbor shares his happy times, does thoughtful things for others, and above all tries to understand another's ways.

Countries can be good neighbors, too, just like folks, if they really try hard enough. The United States is rich in neighbors to the North and to the South. The United States and Canada, its neighbor to the North, have always been proud of their 3,000-mile boundary without a single fortification.

With its neighbors to the South, the United States is linked closely through the Pan-American Union. This Union is composed of the 21 American Republics in the Western Hemisphere, working together to promote peace, commerce, and friendship.

## PAN-AMERICAN DAY

APRIL 14 is the day celebrated throughout the Americas as Pan-American Day, since it was on that date in 1890 that the Pan-American Union was organized.

Many schools and cities will plan to observe that date with festivals, programs, and songs. Observing Pan-American Day is one way American republics can learn to understand and appreciate each other.

## CONSERVATION

IN APRIL spring house cleaning is in the air. Basements and yards must be set in order before summer. Gardens are to be planted and birdhouses hung out for their new tenants.

Conservation is the watchword. Good Junior Red Cross members are everywhere busy on "conservation" projects. What is your Junior Red Cross planning to do to help along the good work?

—Lois S. Johnson, editor.

# Coatl's Floating Cornfield

DOROTHY REYNOLDS

Illustrations by Joe Krush



**T**HINGS WERE GOING very badly for the Aztecs at their new island home in the center of Lake Xochimilco in the Valley of Mexico.

To be sure, every inch of land was covered with growing crops. Corn and beans marched in neat rows to the very edge of the water, and long, twirling vines, loaded with golden pumpkins, ran right up to the walls of their little reed and mud houses, thatched with agave leaves. And in front of every doorway children played and babies sprawled, laughing at the sun.

But that was just the trouble—there were too many people and not enough land. The farmers worked every bit of soil. They cultivated the growing plants thoroughly and shelled the beans and husked the corn with such care that not a single bean or kernel was wasted. And yet there never was quite enough food to go round.

So they caught snakes, fish, and water dogs and took to boiling roots, dug from the shallow waters of the lake. When the maize ran short, they even roasted ants and grasshoppers, and gathered the small flies that swarmed among the tule reeds and made them into a sort of dough.

But, even so, there were nights when the

children could scarcely sleep for hunger, and days when the men had to pull their belted sashes very tight and fill their stomachs with water to stop the gnawing pain.

The old men held councils, but there seemed nothing that could be done, for the fields along the lake shore were owned by much stronger tribes, which would not let the Aztecs have a square foot of ground on the mainland.

**C**OATL and his brother Tizoc were thinking about that now, as they hoed the corn on their father's little farm.

"If only there were more islands!" Coatl sighed. "Many islands, so that we could plant enough corn and beans and pumpkins for everybody!"

Tizoc stopped hoeing and looked off across the water. Then he shook his head. "Even our wise men cannot make land rise out of the lake. The best thing is to till the ground well, so that what plants there are may grow big and fine."

Coatl nodded, and the two boys went on swinging their mattocks, stooping over from time to time to pull up weeds and vines which had crept close around the cornstalks.

Up and down the straight, plummy rows of



maize they went, working out to the very edge of the water.

At last the whole field was done except for a tiny tongue of land that stuck out into the lake at one corner. Every time it got windy, choppy waves pounded against that bit of ground, until at last they had dug away the soil from underneath it and almost separated it from the rest of the field.

Tizoc stepped out upon it and began tip-toeing between the few hills of corn so carefully that Coatl laughed.

His brother looked at him, a little angry, "There is no need of your laughing at me," he said. "This ground may come loose from the shore at any time."

Coatl laughed again. "Nonsense! It is firm enough yet!" And to prove it, he gave one jump and then another and another, with all his might.

But the tongue of land was not nearly so solid as he thought. At the first jump, it trembled a little. At the second, it sank an inch or so into the water and then bobbed up again. And, at the third, there was a tearing noise, as the tangled roots which held it to the mainland jerked free.

"Be careful!" begged Tizoc.

But it was too late. The bit of earth had pulled quite loose from the shore and turned into a tiny island, which the current was slowly carrying out into the middle of the channel. Coatl and Tizoc stood hunched up in the middle of it, not knowing what to do.

"Perhaps we can push it back into place with our mattocks," suggested Tizoc.

They pushed and shoved, but the short-handled mattocks made poor pushing-tools, and the mud of the lake bottom was very soft and slippery, besides.

SO, IN SPITE OF their efforts, the new island kept drifting farther and farther out, and there was nothing for them to do but jump off and wade back to shore. Luckily, the lake was not very deep, but nonetheless they were two wet and muddy boys when, at last, they climbed on solid land again.

They washed off the dirt and then found a sunny spot and sat down to dry. But all they could think about was that lost bit of land.

"What will Father say?" wailed Tizoc, "when he finds that we have let part of this field drift away from him—and we were so very short of land already!"

"There were ten good hills of corn on it, too!" sighed Coatl. "Oh, if I had only walked gently, instead of being so foolish as to jump on it!"

Tizoc did not answer. He just stared very hard at the tiny island, for the beginning of an idea was stirring about in his mind.

"The corn is still there," he said at last. "And there is good sunlight above it and good soil underneath. Perhaps it will ripen yet, and we can go out and harvest it in our boats."

Coatl's face lit up with a smile. He had not thought of that. "If the earth remains solid," he added, "and the new island does not drift too far away."

AND so it came about. The ground that made the island was so matted with roots that it did not melt apart, but stayed almost as firm as ever. Nor did the current of the lake take it far away, but only kept moving it back and forth in the middle of the channel.

That corn grew and grew—taller than any of the rest. For the bright sun struck it on all sides, and the water seeped up from below, so that the roots could drink and drink without ever having to stop. At last it turned ripe and yellow, and then Tizoc and Coatl and their father Molpilli rowed out in the boat to gather the huge ears, fairly bursting with yellow kernels.

When it came time to plant the maize crop again, they made rows all the way across their field, as they always did, measuring their steps exactly, so that none of the hills should be too close together or too far apart. And, at each step, they thrust a pointed stick into the ground to make a hole, then dropped in kernels from the pouches at their belts and covered them by pressing down the earth with a

The boys wove the branches into a strong raft, many feet long.



quick thrust of the foot.

At last, the whole piece was planted, to the very edge of the water, and they came to the place where the bit of land had been torn loose the season before.

"What a pity that we do not have the little tongue of land any more!" said Tizoc. "We could plant ten or twelve hills of corn on it."

Coatl looked out into the channel, where that tiny island was still bobbing about. "The corn from it was very good last season," he said. "It was the best we had." And then he had another idea. "We went out and harvested it from the boat. Why cannot we plant a new crop of corn on it in the same way?"

His father nodded. "That is a wise idea."

SO THEY GOT INTO the boat and rowed out to the tiny island. It was hard to plant that ground, for it was so soft they did not dare step on it, but had to lean over the edge of the boat. But at last they did get it done.

Molpilli looked at it, and then he rattled the three or four handfuls of corn still in his pouch. "It is a pity we have not more islands to plant," he said, "for there is plenty of seed."

Tizoc looked at the island as he, too, rattled his pouch. Then he stopped suddenly, and drew in a sharp breath of excitement.

"Why shouldn't we make more islands?" he said. "There is rich soil in the bottom of the lake. We could scoop it up and form it, too, into cornfields."

Coatl started to laugh. "Why, the mud is too soft. It would all fall apart—"

But his father interrupted him. "Wet mud is always soft unless it is strengthened with something else. The little island is full of roots. The mud of which we make bricks for our houses is mixed with reeds. We should have to make rafts of branches and rushes and then scoop soil on top and plant the corn in it. Such a field would be very fertile, and the young plants could never get dry."

Coatl was so excited that he threw his mattock into the air and caught it again by the strong blade. "Come," he said, "let us begin to make new islands this very day."

AND SO, indeed, they did. The other Aztecs, looking out over the lake, were surprised to see Molpilli and his sons cutting branches from the poplar trees and weaving them into a firm, strong raft, many feet long.

"Whatever can they want of a raft of boughs?" everybody kept wondering.

They were even more puzzled when they saw him cover the branches with a layer of rushes. But to all their questions he only answered, "I am building a new maize field." And, as he said it, he smiled, so that they thought he must be joking.

So they asked the boys, but Tizoc and Coatl smiled, too. "We are making a new maize field," they repeated.

When they had finished spreading the rushes, they began scooping up mud from the lake bottom and putting it smoothly and thickly on top.

"Do tell us what you are doing," the other Aztec families begged again.

"I am making a new maize field," Molpilli answered, still smiling, so that again they thought it a joke.

But at last the mud was thickly spread over the raft from end to end, and Molpilli and his sons began planting corn on it, so that they had to believe it was the truth.

Soon the corn started to grow, sending up tall, strong shoots that became larger every day, as the leaves soaked up the bright sunshine and the roots drank water from the lake as if they would never stop.

Then all the other Aztecs began to wonder why nobody had ever before thought of such a fine way of making a new field.

"We, too, are going to build rafts next year," they decided.

IN THE SPRING they began. They kept building them, one after another, and planting them with corn and beans and pumpkins, so that soon every person in the tribe had all the food he could eat, and there was even enough left to trade to the people on the mainland for stone and lime and other things they needed. The islands grew and grew, until they settled down and some of the plants sent out such long roots that they anchored them to the bottom of the lake.

Today, they are still there, and the descendants of Tizoc and Coatl still live on them and raise fine corn and flowers and vegetables to sell on the mainland in the great City of Mexico.

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IF YOU ENJOYED this story, you might like to read two books which also tell about the Aztecs of Mexico: (1) "The Old Aztec Story Teller" by J. A. Rickard, published by Ackerman Inc., New York; (2) "Star Mountain and Other Legends of Mexico" by Camilla Campbell, McGraw-Hill Book Co., New York.



## The Parrot and the Heifer

Translated from the Spanish of Oswaldo Díaz Díaz  
By ELIZABETH and EDWARD HUBERMAN

Illustrations by Ralph Ray

ONCE THERE WAS a very rich man who had two sons. Since he was growing old, the father decided to divide his wealth between the two children. But first he wanted to test them to see how capable they were and how they would use the fortune which might be theirs. So he called them to him and said:

"I'm getting old, you know, so we have to think about the time when you two brothers will possess all that is now mine. To see if you can manage the goods that I shall leave you, I am going to put you to a test.

"You learned in school, I'm sure, that everything in nature is divided into three kingdoms: animal, vegetable, and mineral. In each kingdom there are useful and precious things. Well, I want each of you, my sons, to go out in the world and bring me the three things, from these three kingdoms, that please you most or seem most valuable to you."

Before the sun rose the next day, the two brothers were ready to set off on their separate journeys. But you should understand that one brother was very smart, while the other was quite stupid, so naturally they chose very different roads in their search for the three objects their father wanted.

THE NOT-SO-SMART young man took a highway which led him promptly to a large, beautiful city, full of shops and markets with all kinds of merchandise. For the not-so-smart young man was also a little lazy, and he thought that in the midst of such an abundance of goods he would easily find three proper gifts to take back for his father. He strolled from store to store, listening to the sales-talks of the merchants and looking at the showcases, where everything devised by human industry was displayed. Finally, he entered a large bird store.

In cages and on perches, there were hundreds of gorgeously colored birds, from all climates and corners of the earth. A quetzal from Guatemala shone like a jewel-box, inlaid with crystal and precious stones. Cockatoos, macaws, and Australian parrots shrieked in loud confusion. Canaries, nightingales, and larks trilled their songs through the hubbub. Herons, perched on one leg, polished their beaks against their marvelously white feathers, and humming birds floated quietly in the air, while their wings whirled ceaselessly. All the rare and exotic birds that anybody could imagine in one place were collected there.

"What could my father like better," thought the not-so-smart brother, "than that beautiful



green parrot with a collar of red feathers? And, besides being beautiful, it's clever! It talks all the time!"

So the young man paid a high price for the bird. Then, with the parrot sitting on his shoulder, he went out to find some equally beautiful samples of the vegetable and mineral worlds.

Again he sauntered by shop after shop, until he came to a jeweler's store. There, in elaborate cases and boxes, were all sorts of jewels—pins, necklaces, rings, bracelets.

And the young man asked himself, "What could please my father more than that brilliantly polished emerald, so green and glittering?" Quickly he bought the jewel, tied it in a knot in his handkerchief, and set out once more. Now he needed only something from the vegetable kingdom.

At the market place he saw colorful displays of fruits, interesting cans of seeds, and gums and oils and woods of all types. But nothing here seemed worthy to go with his green parrot and his even greener emerald. He decided he was wrong in trying such a common place, and accordingly he turned back to the expensive stores. In one of these, he found what he wanted—a lovely little box of perfumed oriental woods, carved with figures of monsters and genii.

The little box cost the young man plenty, but, since it was a fitting container for the jewel and a suitable companion for the parrot, he didn't mind. His job was finished now, and he started home. On his way, he amused himself by listening to the chatter of his parrot and by opening his box, at every other step, to look at the green jewel.

**N**OW THE VERY SMART brother had taken a road away from the city, towards the open country. For he intended to seek nature in her own domain, rather than in towns where she is distorted and spoiled. With his eyes wide open, he walked along, watching and judging everything about him so that he could choose what he needed to take to his father. At last he came to a farm, where a country woman



He amused himself by listening to the green parrot and looking at the jewel.

was milking a glossy, clean cow, while a calf pulled impatiently at its rope as it waited its turn for its mother's milk.

"That's a pretty cow you have," remarked the smart young man.

"Yes, it's a good one, and very gentle."

"And the little calf, will he be as good as the cow?"

"Very certainly, for she *will* be a cow. It's a little heifer."

"Do you have a job here for me?"

"What can you do?"

"Whatever you need."

"Could you cut down

that tree and chop it into firewood?"

Without answering, the young man picked up an axe and began swinging it at the trunk. He had to sweat a good deal, and he strained his shoulders, arms, and legs until they ached, but he managed to fell the tree. Then he stripped the branches off and chopped them and the trunk into logs and sticks for the fire.

"What do you want as pay for your work?" asked the farm wife.

"Give me the calf and the axe."

"Impossible!" laughed the woman. "That axe cost a lot of money, and, as for the calf, we're very fond of it and we'd want much more for it than a day's work."

"I'll work as much as I need to," answered the young man, "but I want the axe and the calf."

The next day and for many days after that, the young man felled trees and chopped wood. With each day, he found the job easier, for each day his body grew stronger and his hands acquired greater skill. And finally the country woman gave him the axe and the calf and let him go.

"Before I leave," he asked, "would you give me a handful of the wheat you feed to your pigeons?"

So the smarter brother turned homeward, with an axe over his shoulder, a handful of wheat in his wallet, and the calf trailing on a rope behind him.

**M**EANWHILE, the other brother had arrived home and had given his father the bird, the jewel, and the box.



The first day, everyone was delighted with the gifts. But, by the second day, the constant chatter of the parrot had become unbearable, and the bird had to be removed from the house—for this and other indiscretions.

The emerald was beautiful, but the not-so-smart young man presented it to his father when some visitors were watching, and the visitors regarded it with highly suspicious looks and gestures. Then the jewel had to be hidden in its box, and the box had to be shut away in a secret hiding place, so that no one could enjoy looking at the emerald any more. Worse, it was necessary to watch all night, so that no one would steal the precious jewel. The father had to buy a revolver and hire new servants to guard the house.

**W**HEN THE VERY SMART brother returned, he put the calf in the stable and went to see his father.

The old man thought, "If my stupid son brought me such marvelous things, what will my bright son, who has been searching so long, bring home to give me?"

But the smart young man entered his father's room with nothing in his hands but an axe.

"What did you bring, my son?"

"This," answered the young man, and he held out the axe.

"But that's nothing extraordinary. Your brother brought me a handsome jewel."

"Where is it?"

Nervously the father pressed his finger to his lips and very softly told his son where the emerald was hidden and why he couldn't show it to him.

"But the gift I bring you is meant to be seen."

Then the very smart son led his father out towards the country, where he chose a tree with excellent timber, and in only a few minutes the tree was lying on the earth, while the axe swung back and forth in the sun, sparkling more brightly than any jewel.

"Well! Now show me the animal you brought."

They went to the stable, where the son showed his father the pretty heifer.

"But this little animal is only newly born," complained the father. "It's no use. On the other hand, look at the parrot that your brother gave me." The parrot, which was also lodged in the stable, stared back at them, smoothed its feathers, and said, "Give me your paw!"

"Oh, ho!" laughed the son. "Perhaps my little calf won't know how to talk, but instead it will give us good milk and many more little calves. And if we don't need it alive any more, we may eat its meat and make sturdy shoes from its skin."

"Maybe. Show me what you brought from the vegetable kingdom."

The young man took out his handful of wheat.

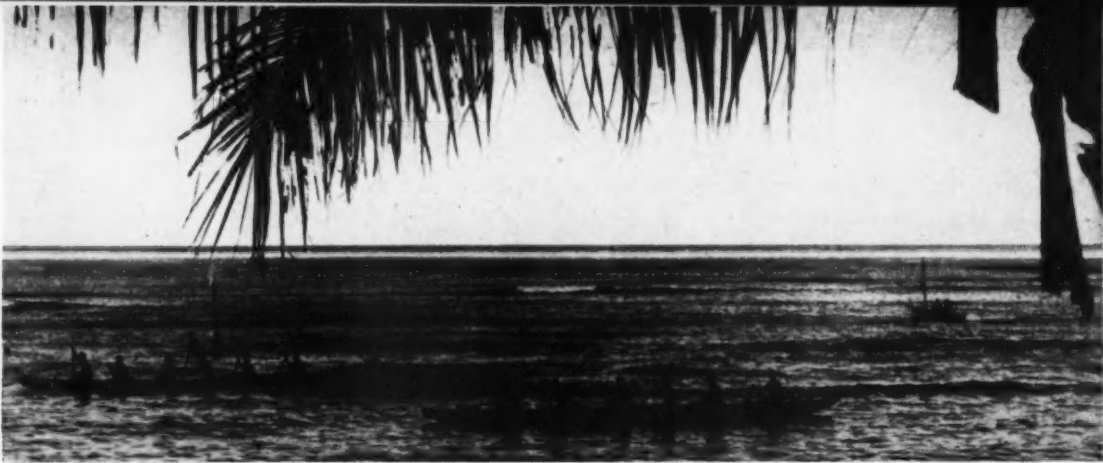
"Only a few grains of wheat?"

"Here are only a few, but if we plant these, they will bear many more, and if we plant those also, soon we shall have all our field sown with wheat, and we shall be able to make bread from some and sell the rest."

How did the father finally divide his fortune? He divided it equally, because to a loving father, all his sons, whether smart or stupid or in-between, are equal and equally dear.

Did the smart son or the other one put his share to better use? That's a problem for my readers to decide, if they are smart.





*Outrigger canoes are used for traveling among the islands.*

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF INTERIOR PHOTO



## ALOHA LAND



**WHEN SEEN** from the air, the Hawaiian Islands look like jewels in a warm, blue sea, emeralds by day, diamonds at night.

They were discovered by a Polynesian, Hawaii Loa, who came from islands still farther south in his seaworthy canoe. He gave the largest island in the group his own name, while the smaller ones are said to have been named after his children. After looking over the islands which compose this group, Hawaii Loa decided to make his home here, and so went back to his native island to fetch his family and neighbors.

Upon his return he is said to have brought with his family the banana, the "ti" plant, the sweet potato, and the taro, as well as pigs and fowl.

The eight inhabited Hawaiian Islands have musical names: Kauai, Niihau, Oahu, Molokai, Maui, Lanai, Kahoolawe, and Hawaii. While the latter is the largest island, Honolulu, the largest city and seat of government, is on Oahu.

The Junior Red Cross of the Kailus School on Oahu prepared a school correspondence album for the Independent Valley School at Tupper Creek, British Columbia, which was so interesting that we copied some of the pages for you as it passed through our Headquarters offices.

This is what the Hawaiian children wrote about their beautiful islands:



**HAWAII** is in the North Pacific. It is in the tropics. The climate is warm and mild. There are eight islands that are inhabited. Hawaii is connected with other lands by ships

and airplanes, by radio and wireless. The soil is rich, water falls from the sky, and the sun shines all the day. All homes are surrounded by gardens. The people travel among the islands by steamships and airplane.

The islands were built from the bottom of the sea by volcanoes. Lava flowed out over the floor of the ocean. Slowly the lava was piled up until there was an island.

Long ago many beautiful birds made their homes in the trees of the land. Then some were killed for their red, yellow, and black feathers until they became very scarce. These brilliant feathers were used to make cloaks and helmets which only the king or high chiefs could wear. Today new birds have been brought in such as the cardinal and pheasant.

### A POPULAR PLEASURE RESORT

The coral reef in Honolulu has all kinds of fish, octopuses, seaweed, shells, coral, and other sea life. People fish here. They dive and spear from boats. The reef makes the sea beautiful because the waves break over them in white foam. Coral is formed from a sea animal called polyp. It is jellylike. This animal has many little feet, and on his arms he has tiny tentacles. New polyps are born when the parents die.

The aquarium which houses colorful sea life of every sort is situated on Waikiki Beach. This is a famous showplace in Honolulu.

Captain James Cook, most historians believe, was the first white man to discover the islands, in January 1778. He named them the Sandwich Islands (after his patron, the Earl of Sandwich). He sailed north and explored Alaskan water, then returned to the islands.

He and his men had a fight with the natives and Captain Cook was killed. His men sailed back to England. The missionaries came soon afterwards and brought Christianity to the islanders.

The old Hawaiians were tall and strong. Nearly all of them had brown eyes and black hair. They spent most of their time out of doors and wore little clothing. Their brown bodies were deeply tanned by the warm sun.

#### LAND OF TREES AND FLOWERS

Hawaiians love their land. They love their waterfalls and flowers. They sing songs about them. Flowers bloom all year long, flowers of all colors of the rainbow. Their fragrance fills the air. The hibiscus is the official flower of the islands.

The cocoanut palm is a useful tree. It gives us cocoanut milk and cocoanut. Our mothers make candy, cakes, and pudding with it. Long ago the cocoanut gave the people food, material for shelters, cloth, fiber, brooms, and oil for hair and skin.

The papaya is one of the most popular fruits in Hawaii. It is eaten for breakfast, at lunch as a dessert, and at dinner as a fruit cocktail.

#### "MONEY" CROPS

Pineapple is one of the important "money" crops. Many families work in the fields and canneries. Pineapple grows on hills and plains, in the sunshine and rain. It takes about a year to grow the fruit. Hawaii grows 80 percent of the world's crop.

Sugar is the second "money" crop of Hawaii. There are about 38 plantations on the islands. About 45,000 people work on the sugar plantations. The people get about \$29,000,000 a year for their labor. Houses and hospitals

and doctor services are supplied to the laborers. Sugar cane takes 18 months to grow. After it blossoms, it is burned and cut, then sent to the mill to be made into sugar.

#### MAY DAY IS LEI DAY

May Day is a happy day in Hawaii. The schools have programs crowning the queen. Everyone wears a lei (or necklace) made from fresh flowers.

On Kamehameha Day colorful parades tell stories of old Hawaiian customs. Kamehameha the Great conquered the islands and ruled them in peace until 1819. His successors were not as wise and able as he, however. In 1894 the people overthrew the kingdom, set up a republic, and asked the United States to annex the islands. Finally in 1900 Hawaii became a territory of the United States and Congress set up the territorial government. Now Hawaii is hoping to become the 49th state of the United States.

The Federal Building in Honolulu is planned around several courts, planted with palms, grass and flowers. This building houses most of the departments of the United States Government which are represented in the islands.

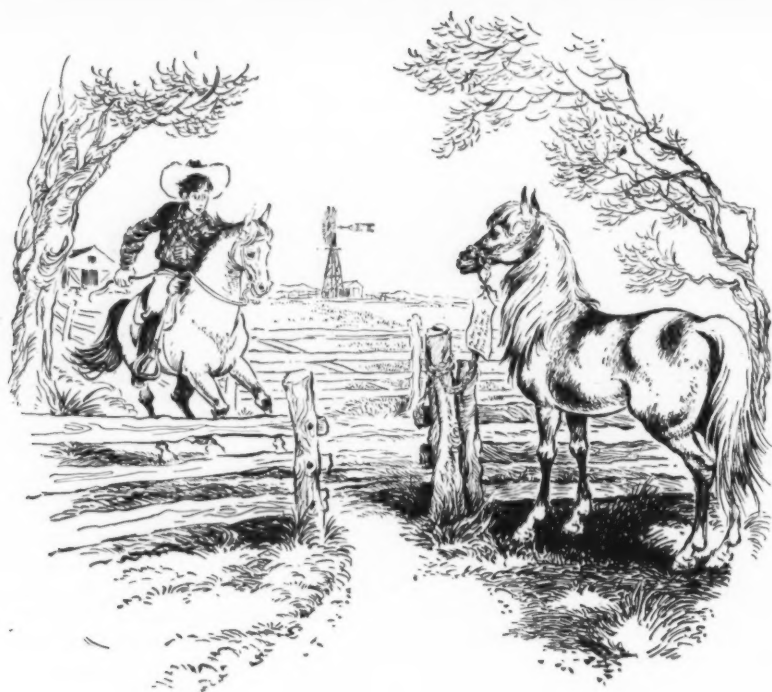
#### ALOHA! ALOHA!

When people leave the islands their friends deck them with fragrant leis. As the boat pulls out of the harbor the people throw leis back. If the leis reach shore, that means they will come back some day.

Bands play and the people sing native songs as the ships put out into the harbor amid cries of Aloha! Aloha! which means good-by—good luck—and best wishes.

Swimmers enjoy tropical beauty of Waikiki Beach, Hawaii, with Diamond Head in the distance.





## Calico Pony

**F**OR DAYS young John Scoville had been feeling a bitter hurt that nothing could heal. Even the soft breeze blowing through the cottonwoods could not still the ache in his heart. As he walked, almost unseeing, in the shade of the grove, he felt like crying out. Ever since the day his father had brought the pony from Uncle Dave Shelby's ranch, the hurt had been growing.

For, after all, Buck was his. Uncle Dave had sent the pony specially for him. Buck was just the kind of a tough, tawny western pony that any boy would love.

"I should be riding Buck now," thought young John. "Sitting on his back in the old ranger's saddle that Uncle Ed gave me."

But no! John's older brother, Tom, had taken the pony the very day it came. He started riding it back and forth to the Academy and calling it his.

"Tom *would*," thought John. "He always takes the best of everything for himself—just because he is almost 18 and as tall as Father. Even though Bruce is 15 and tall too, he wouldn't take a fellow's pony, even if he could." Bruce was the next oldest boy in the family.

As John brooded there in the quiet comfort

of the cottonwood grove that Saturday morning, he kept thinking about their life in the Platte River valley. The Shelbys and Scovilles were all range men—ranchers and horsemen. Lately Tom had taken his place with them. A better rider than most, he was.

"Why," said young John to himself, "Tom was the best of them all, when it came to such things."

Young John was proud in a way of his oldest brother. There was nothing he wouldn't do to make Tom like him—only taking Buck just wasn't fair. Yet maybe it *was* all right, as Father had said last night during barn chores. "Tom needs a horse to ride the 6 miles to the Academy this last year. I don't have a mount for him right now."

"But I've been





Story by ANN MARGARET DAYKIN  
and CHRISTINE K. SIMMONS

Pictures by Fritz Eichenberg

waiting for a pony so long," John had pleaded.

"Well," his father had replied, "most likely Tom will outgrow the pony before long, and he'll be yours again."

A moment later John had felt his father's hand across his shoulder.

"I think sometimes Tom's got some of his uncle in him—a hard trader he was—and I want to find a way to soften him. Let me think this out, son. Maybe this pony business will give me something to go on."

This morning, thinking back over this, John felt better. It was good to know his father trusted him and would speak out his own worry to him. But things happened that kept the bitterness gnawing at him. He had been expected, for instance, to curry and shine Buck's coat. That made it hurt all the more to see Tom walk jauntily into the barn, mount Buck, and trot off.

But John made up his mind to stand by his father. He thought to himself that it sure helped to know Father counted on him.

**H**E STARTED SLOWLY walking back toward the house, scuffing his feet in the dirt, when suddenly he caught sight of the Blackfeet caravan plodding along the dirt road.

Beside the grove across the lane, where Mr. Scoville always allowed the Indians to camp when they were changing reservations, the string of horses and wagons halted. Sighting Mr. Scoville at the side entrance of the ranch house, Big Joe, who always spoke for the caravan, left his wagon and came over to ask permission to pitch camp.

"Sure thing, Joe. Make camp in the same place. Only watch your fires. You are more than welcome, you know."

Big Joe grunted his thanks and led his people into the grove.

As usual, Helga, the Scoville's cook, sent provisions and baked goods to the camp-

ground. Young John and Bruce carried over milk and urged the Indian boys to help themselves to feed for their horses.

John watched Big Joe's squaw lift their youngest child down from the battered buckboard. The little girl ran to play in the grass. Then John showed the Indian boys the new watering trough for their horses. He watched the string of horses come across the road. Big Joe led up a calico pony that was a perfect beauty.

"That my best pony. Like him?" said Big Joe.

Like him! Young John could not speak. He gulped, then nodded mutely.

Big Joe's face scarcely changed, but his keen eyes noted John's expression.

For some time after Big Joe and the Indian boys had returned to the campground with their horses, John stood by the trough, watching the Blackfeet busily preparing for the night. The dinner bell roused him, and he sped toward the house, leaping the corral fence on his way.

**B**EFORE THE CLOSE of the meal, there was a knock at the side door. There stood Big Joe, his squaw at his back.

"Papoose, she gone. Injins look, no find. You see?" His voice was tense, worried.

The family left the table in haste.

"No," said Mrs. Scoville, much troubled, "but she may be around the place somewhere. We'll search."

At once supper was forgotten. Even 7-year-old Kate, the only daughter, raced madly about, calling "Annie, Annie, are you hiding from us? Come out, come out!"

For a moment young John had stood, trying to remember. What was it he had seen? Like a shot, before anyone noticed, he was off across the prairie.

At dusk Mr. Scoville, Bruce, and Tom went to light lanterns. All at once, a shout from the Indian boys stopped them. Straining eyes followed the pointing fingers.

(Continued on page 18)



Eager eyes strained toward the figure of young John, striding out of the darkness.



▲ This boy's home is Marajo's Island at the mouth of the yellow Amazon River. Most boys learn to ride when they are very young.

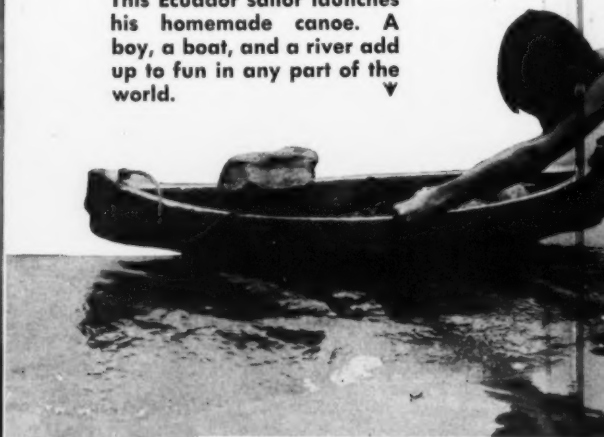
Children of Manta, Ecuador, watch with interest as heavy sacks of fascinating cargo are brought ashore through the surf. ▼



## Neighbors to

Would you feel at home in South America? Would you like the same things we like—and have?

This Ecuador sailor launches his homemade canoe. A boy, a boat, and a river add up to fun in any part of the world. ▼



In Peru live this Indian boy

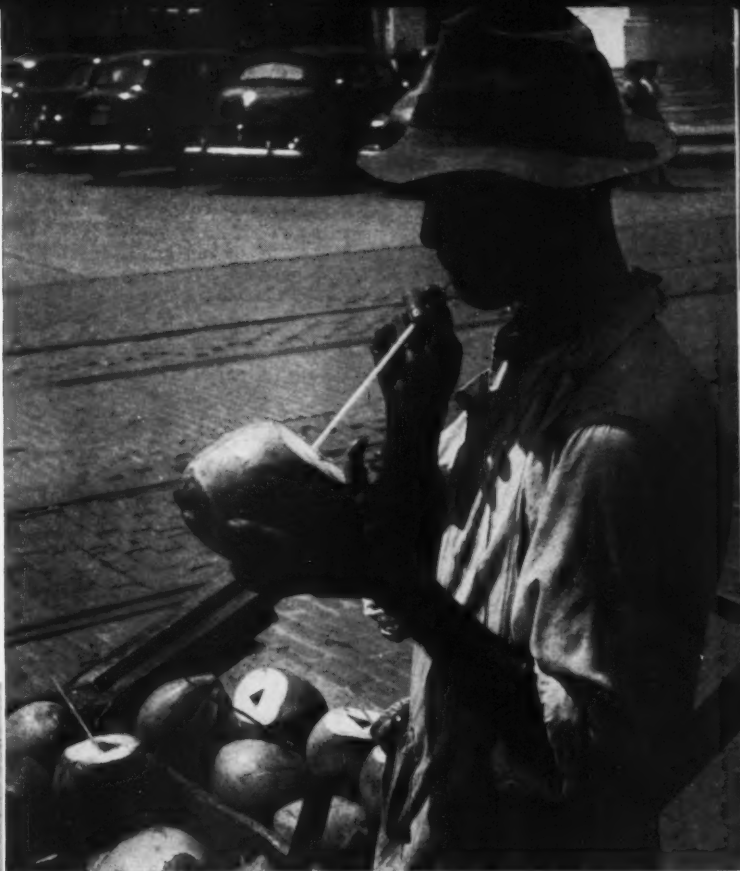
# to the South

outh America? Our friends there like  
d have fun in the same ways, too.

PHOTOS BY SCOTT SEEGER



Indian boy and his friend.

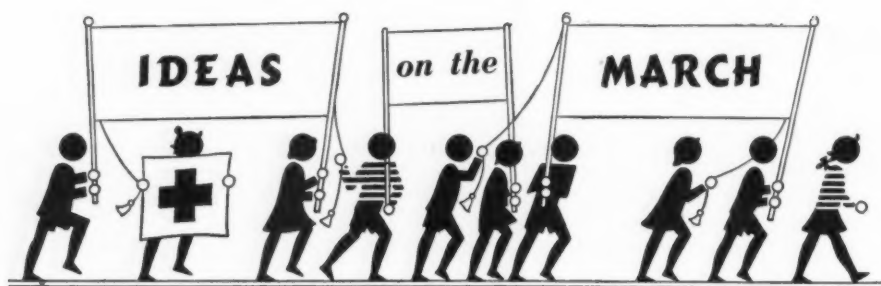


▲ Fresh coconut milk sipped through a straw is a favorite drink in Panama City. The nice part of it is—there are no bottles to return!

In Vina Del Mar, Chile, the ice-cream man peddles his wares in a horse-drawn cart. As you can see, he is a very popular person. ▼







#### THEY KNEW ALL THE ANSWERS

**J**UNIOR RED CROSS members in Spokane County Chapter, Washington State, came through a quiz program recently with flying colors. The quiz was held on an issue of the American Junior Red Cross News. Fifty questions were asked—and fifty questions were quickly answered!

Children whose names began with the letters in the first half of the alphabet competed with the other half. The success of the quiz showed two interesting things: first, that the students enjoy reading their News; and second, that they possess the valuable and important gift of a good memory.

Junior Red Cross high school members served as judges and scorekeepers on the quiz program. They liked the idea so much they decided to have one on the *Journal*.

#### SEVEN SISTERS TRAVEL AGAIN

**S**ALLY SOAP, Polly Pep, Jolly Jane, Mary Twinkle, Molly Milk, Skippety Ann, and

Dotty Do are continuing a busy year of travel among the schools of Pennsylvania.

These little sets of cardboard silhouettes are made by American Red Cross volunteers and loaned to the schools. The figures are 24 inches high and wear wide hoopskirts of calico, pokebonnets, pantalettes, and black slippers. They carry market baskets on their arms. These contain important items that fit into the story each little sister tells.

Sally Soap, naturally, carries articles needed for cleanliness. Skippety Ann, with her jump rope and roller skates, teaches that fun, fresh air, and sunshine are excellent things. The other five sisters bring similar important reminders.

Junior Red Cross members in the Third Ward School of Towanda, Bradford County Chapter, Pennsylvania, prepared an exhibit of the Seven Little Sisters for a teachers institute. The display attracted so much interest that it was moved downtown where a larger audience might enjoy it.

Seven calico-clad sisters carry health hints. Exhibit from Third Ward School, Towanda, Pennsylvania.





#### FROM OUR FRIENDS IN HOLLAND

**P**OSTCARDS as bright as tulips, and bearing Dutch poems, have been arriving from Holland. They are addressed "To One of the Children of the U.S.A.," and were sent in appreciation of the gift boxes which you sent to children in the Netherlands. Dutch boys and girls make and sell these attractive cards as part of their effort to raise money for the fight against tuberculosis.

One of the cards carried this little verse. If you study each word carefully you may be able to catch its meaning:

Zoals God manna zond van de hemel  
Vroeger in bijbelse dagen  
Zo stuurde U ons voedsel, en ook kleeding  
Wij danken U met dit versje.

To help you over the difficult spots, here it is in our own language:

As God sent manna from the blue  
Way back in Bible times  
You sent us food and clothing, too.  
We thank you with these rhymes.

#### FOREST FIRE PREVENTION

**T**HE SEASON when forest fires become a danger is not far off. Junior Red Cross members have a special reason for guarding against this needless waste of our natural resources. Forestry experts have asked them to cooperate in a program for the prevention of forest fires. These programs should be organized in city schools as well as in forest areas.

Junior Red Cross members in the Bourbon County Chapter schools in Kentucky have written some jingles about forest fire prevention. Here is one from a sixth-grade student:

"Hello, Smokey, what do you say?"

"Why hello, boy, I'm on my way."

"On your way where, my dear playmate?"

"To put out a forest fire before it's too late."

Fourth-grade students wrote the following jingles:

The birds and animals are making pleas  
"Mister, help us save our trees.  
If you're careful of matches and sparks  
We can all live as happy as larks."

If you will always do your part  
That forest fire will never start.

#### PETS PARADE FOR PROFIT

**J**UNIOR RED CROSS members in Australia have been earning money for their service funds in highly original ways.

For example, at Ourimbah, New South Wales, pets were recruited for a parade which earned Junior members more than 8 pounds (one pound equals about \$3.22 in American money). Cats, dogs, birds, and fowls, including a cockatoo, were in the procession.

Koala Junior Red Cross members held a doll show to celebrate the sixth birthday of their organization. Prizes were offered for the best baby doll, the best girl doll, and the most unusual doll. Admission and refreshment charges helped to swell the fund.

#### KEEP CYCLING SAFE

**S**PRING and bicycles go together. So now is the time for a quick review of your do's and don'ts for a season of safe riding.

Members of the Junior Red Cross Council in Muskogee, Oklahoma, recently made a care-  
(Continued on next page)



AMERICAN RED CROSS PHOTOS BY DAN RIDGIAN

What's wrong with this picture? Students at Murch School, Washington, D. C., find bicycle carelessly left across the steps.

Pupils in Dallas,  
Texas, enjoy dance  
from old Mexico.



DENNY HAYES, DALLAS TIMES-HERALD

ful study of cycling regulations as part of their Bicycle Safety Campaign.

#### HELLO, NEIGHBOR!

**A**PRIL 14 is Pan-American Day. Many Junior Red Cross members are planning colorful pageants and fiestas to celebrate this day of

good will and understanding between the countries of the Americas.

The exciting costumes, spicy foods, and lively dances which we "borrow" from our southern neighbors for this holiday make these celebrations more popular every year.

—Marion Bloom.

## Calico Pony

(Concluded from page 13)

Coming toward them strode young John, carrying the sleeping child, a wilted bouquet dangling from her small brown hand.

Big Joe turned to his squaw. She rushed toward the boy. The others crowded close.

"I saw her late this afternoon," said young John. "She was over by the Burlington tracks picking flowers. She must have gone to sleep." He gave the child into the mother's reaching arms. Without a word she retreated, bearing her burden back to the camp.

The Scovilles returned to their warmed-over supper all feeling proud of John's quick action. Kate sat beside him and leaned against his shoulder. Bruce grinned at him sheepishly. Tom met his father's eye, and a spark passed between them.

**E**ARLY NEXT MORNING, when John was helping Lars with the chores, he paused beside Buck's stall and came face to face with Tom.

"Been waiting for you, kid," said Tom. "Want to turn this pony over to you. He needs watering right bad."

"Oh, gee, Tom!" exclaimed the boy, not believing what he heard.

"Go on; mount him, kid. He's yours," and

with that Tom was off to finish his chores.

His heart bursting with gratitude to his brother, young John mounted the pony and rode to the watering trough.

Looking toward the grove, John noticed two things. Their Indian visitors had gone, but tied to the fence rail stood the calico pony.

In no time at all Buck's galloping hoofs took them across the road and into the lane. Sure enough, there beside the fence, tethered with a leather strap, was the calico pony. Fastened to his handmade halter of braided leather was a strip of brown paper crudely lettered, "To Young John from Big Joe for Find Papoose."

Without a sound, young John untied the pony, mounted him, and led him with Buck in tow at a brisk trot back to the barn.

"Dad! Mom!" At his shouts, the whole family came running. But it was Tom he spoke to first.

"You can have Buck again, Tom," he said. "The calico pony is mine."

Their father's hearty laugh boomed out. "This sure is one big day," said he, "two good mounts for two fine lads."

"Better give them some exercise," said Mom. "Let's ride over to North Bend and show them off to Uncle Dave," suggested John.

"Give me my boots and saddle," sang Tom, as they rode off together down the road.

# ❖ Junior Red Cross in Hawaii ❖

**In spite of the warm climate, Island Juniors are an extremely active group. They carry on a full program; their membership is growing rapidly; last year they sent their first delegation to attend the National Convention.**

**N**EITHER the soft southern breezes nor the quieting sound of the blue tropical sea rising and falling on the beaches lull the members of the Hawaiian Junior Red Cross into laziness. Nowhere on the continent could we find a more active group of young people, although they go about their business in a quiet sort of way that is characteristic.

In over 300 schools 143,802 members have been enrolled during the school year 1947-48. Last spring their contribution to the National Children's Fund was \$5000.

## **Painters, Carpenters, Gardeners**

Their 10-page *News Bulletin* reports many projects familiar to us all. Service to veterans hospitals now interests Hawaiian Junior members, as services to our Army and Navy did during the war years. They also do many helpful jobs for their schools such as painting temporary school buildings, improving the school yards, blacking out the cafeteria for movies, and running movie projectors for the showing of Red Cross and other educational films.

This year Junior Red Cross gift boxes were packed for Korea and for Europe. Toys were made for hospitalized children, furniture for day-care centers and kindergartens, and blankets for day nurseries. Musical programs were organized for the hospital wards, cookies made for holiday treats and decorations for army mess halls.

## **Islanders Need Training, Too**

First aid, water safety, and accident prevention have been given great importance

in the program throughout the islands. Hawaiians are fine swimmers, but many children did not know how to take care of themselves in the water. The Junior Red Cross made it possible for them to learn. When you live on an island this is especially important, as anyone can see.

The Junior Red Cross booth at the Maui County Fair was a great success. The electric train carried miniature gift boxes to Kahului Harbor to be loaded on the miniature boat at the back of the booth. On Children's Day and on Saturday Junior Red Cross members sat at tables and packed real Junior Red Cross gift boxes, and made sweet smelling leis for sale.

Members of the Hawaiian Junior Red Cross were extremely generous last Christmas toward their "neighbors," the children of Saipan. Gifts for all 1700 of the children whose island home had suffered greatly during the war, and who had no means of celebrating Christmas, were wrapped in gay paper and delivered to Saipan by airplane. Such badly needed articles as combs, tooth brushes, tooth paste, washcloths and handkerchiefs were sent, along with all kinds of fun-making things—rubber balls, jacks, technicolor sets,



▲ These young divers perfect their form under blue Hawaiian skies and the watchful eye of an instructor.

◀ The "Learn to Swim" program meets with great enthusiasm among Juniors at Palamo Pool, Honolulu.





FUJII ART STUDIO, UHUE, KAUAI, HAWAII

Handiwork of the Junior Red Cross is displayed at Kauai County Fair.

crayons, and other items that boys and girls enjoy.

Hawaiian Juniors did not forget the United States Coast Guard. Three hundred Christmas stockings containing individually wrapped gifts and home-made candy were sent by special plane to Coast Guard members on twenty small Pacific islands. Christmas packages were also provided for the local Seamen's Institution.

A party of scientists en route from Sweden to India enjoyed special holiday favors prepared by Juniors when the ship *Albatross* docked at Hawaii during the Christmas season.

Last year, for the first time, the Hawaiian Junior Red Cross sent seven high school delegates to the National Convention in Cleveland. Their reports showed how much this opportunity was appreciated.

In order that we may become better acquainted with these delightful American neighbors we should increase our school correspondence exchanges with their schools. You will find them very willing to tell you about their lovely islands and their interesting Junior Red Cross projects in their reply albums. How about planning an album for Hawaii right now?

—Alice Ingersoll Thornton.



Kauluwela School in Hawaii presents songs and dances for Navy Hospital.



# AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS CALENDAR OF ACTIVITIES



LEARN TO BUILD A CAMPFIRE

Better still—learn to put it out

1948

APRIL

1948

Sun.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thurs.	Fri.	Sat.
LEARN AND TELL OTHERS HOW TO PREVENT FOREST FIRES. "One tree can make one million matches; one match can burn one million trees!"				1	2	3 Hold an Arbor Day assembly.
4 Begin spring "Clean-up Campaigns."	5	6	7	8	9	10 Plant a tree for future enjoyment.
11 Plan a Pan-American Day party.	12	13	Pan - American Day.	15	16	17 Organize a Safety Club for cyclists.
18 Check accident hazards in your home.	19	20	21	22	23	24 Eat a hearty breakfast every day.
25 Send cheery letters to a shut-in.	26	27	28	29	30	Play outdoors for fresh air and sunshine.

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## Spring Songs

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### WHEN BLUEBIRDS CAME

#### A Legend

THE SKY was gray with cloudiness  
That shadowed every single thing;  
The earth looked sad, though all the clocks  
Of Father Time said it was Spring.

The daffodils pulled nightcaps tight,  
And said they simply couldn't bloom.  
They cried, "We'd spoil our yellow gowns  
By wearing them in all this gloom.

"If only Grandpa Sun would smile,  
And skies be brightly dressed in blue,  
Why, then we'd jump right out of bed,  
And put on our gay dresses too."

The winds were worried hearing this,  
And tried to push dull clouds away,  
But pine trees said, "It's Friday now—  
Old Sun won't shine till Saturday.

"But blow, winds, blow, and from our hill  
We'll reach through clouds and get some sky  
For you to gather from our boughs,  
Then daffodils no more will sigh."

So pine boughs swept down bits of sky,  
And gentle winds then blew and blew,  
And shaped small birds with sky-tint wings  
And breasts of sunset's crimson hue.

The birds flew singing to the earth,  
And daffodils, in glad surprise,  
Put on gay gowns for welcoming  
The lovely bluebirds from the skies.

—*Jessie M. Dowlin*

### SPRING SONG FOR AMERICA

THIS IS a lovely country, any season,  
but give me Spring who wanders down the hills,  
trailing a mist of green with sweet unreason  
over any wood she sees, who spills  
brooks headlong from the rocks with crystal  
laughter  
till fields are full of silver-throated water!

Oh, give me Spring who says good-by to cold,  
puts pussies on the willow, blooms on bark,  
fills all odd corners with marsh marigold,  
and shakes the lilac bossoms at the dark.  
This is a lovely land, and Spring is here  
with a yellow crocus tucked behind her ear!

—*Frances Frost*

### INDIAN PIPES

OF CORAL and ivory I think they are made,  
The Indian pipes that grow in our glade,  
Rose ones and white ones close under the trees.

They're lovely at dawn when the sun through the  
leaves  
Makes beautiful shadows, but lovelier still  
When the fireflies come dancing down over the hill.

Sometimes I have picked them but soon they turn  
dark,  
They need the deep shadow, the fireflies' bright  
spark.

—*Catherine Cate Coblenz*

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### OUR CALENDAR PICTURE

The picture used on our calendar this month (page 21) was taken at the District of Columbia Chapter Training Center, Camp Kahlert, West River, Maryland. It shows Junior Red Cross members learning about fire prevention under the guidance of Thomas A. Devine, assistant national director of Junior Red Cross, who served as chief camp counselor. He is cautioning the boys and girls that fires should never be left unattended.

# Topics for Teachers

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## THE JUNIOR RED CROSS AND CONSERVATION

NOT EVEN during the war years was there a greater need than there is today for teaching children the importance of conservation of our natural resources, the food and products we use.

The Junior Red Cross interest in conservation is evidenced by an increasing number of activities based on this program. Forest fire prevention, rodent control experiments, gardening, food studies, elimination of property damage, studies of conservation of soil, water, woodland, and wildlife are but a few activities that are being tried out by chapters in various parts of the country.

Contact the Junior Red Cross chairman of your chapter for suggestions and helpful materials.

## MATERIALS FOR TEACHING CONSERVATION

"THE AMERICAN PEOPLE have been blessed by a vast, rich, and beautiful continent. It is theirs to use wisely, to cherish, and to hand on to future generations without waste and despoliation. The ideals, knowledge, and skills of the 13,000,000 rural-school children of our country will have much to do with what happens to our land and its resources now and in the future. Conservation is a prime obligation of American citizenship."

These words are from the foreword of *Conservation Education in Rural Schools*, the 1943 Year-book of the Department of Rural Education, National Education Association.

This 114-page book is still one of the finest sources for teachers of elementary schools who want good materials on conservation education. The year-book contains background information, accounts by teachers of actual conservation projects carried out by pupils in their schools, and lists of available materials, classified by grade and subject. It may be obtained for 50 cents from the National Education Association, 1201 16th St., N. W., Washington 6, D. C.

## GABBY AND THE FOREST FIRES

A particularly attractive little booklet, recommended by the U. S. Forest Service for use of primary grade children interested in conserving our forests and wildlife, is *Gabby and the Forest Fires*.

A simple, appealing story and fine scratchboard drawings by Ed Nofziger make this a popular publication with any first-to-third-grader. The booklet may be ordered from the publishers, the American Tree Association, 1212 16th St., N.W., Washington 6, D. C., at 10 cents per copy.

## U. S. FOREST SERVICE AIDS

DON'T FORGET that the U. S. Forest Service, which works closely with the Junior Red Cross in its forest fire prevention program, is an invaluable source of information on forest fires, their cause and prevention. Let your Junior Red Cross chairman know your needs. She will get in touch with the Forest Service regional office for you.

## FOREST FIRE PREVENTION

APRIL is a danger month in many regions threatened by forest fires. Though city people only suffer indirectly from the losses which ensue from forest fires, they are frequently responsible for these conflagrations.

In Detroit, Michigan, where the schools put on an excellent safety program every spring, teachers have found that the Junior Red Cross Forest Fire Prevention program correlates successfully with their school safety program.

You may find these tips offered by Detroit Chapter Junior Red Cross stimulating. *Have your pupils:*

Study and learn the Forest Service "Rule of Five"

Prepare talks to present to other grades

Write stories, plays, skits, and letters on the theme

Put up exhibits in halls, corridors, store windows

Hold assemblies, asking Fire Prevention Bureau and Forest Service representatives to speak

Show forest fire prevention films (you can obtain these from

the Junior Red Cross chairman of your chapter)

Plan field trips to study evidence of damage to trees

List the uses of wood

Prepare a community map showing location of fire hazards.

## CATCHWORDS

TWO CATCHY SLOGANS recently came to us via Junior Red Cross chapter bulletins.

"KILL every spark, but KIN-  
DLE every enthusiasm," is Detroit Chapter's advice to instructors of forest fire prevention.

For the Children, Junior Red Cross of the Westchester County (New York) Chapter offers this idea: "One tree can make a million matches; one match can burn a million trees."

—Elizabeth W. Robinson.

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## Spanish Edition Of the News

WITH THE January 1948 issue, a special Spanish edition of the American Junior Red Cross News made its first bow. The initial edition is a limited one, intended primarily for the use of members of the American Junior Red Cross in Puerto Rico and as an expression of friendliness toward our neighbors in the Spanish-speaking countries to the south.

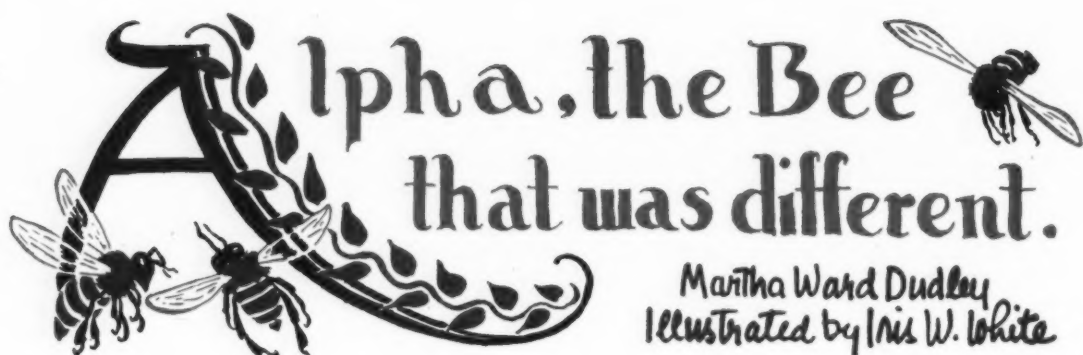
The Spanish edition will follow closely the contents of the English edition. The covers will be the same, as well as many of the illustrations. It is hoped that this Spanish edition of the News will make it possible for the boys and girls who know Spanish much better than they do English to use their magazine more fully than they have been able to use the English edition.

Costs for translating into Spanish and for printing and mailing are being met by a special allocation from the National Children's Fund.

—Lola S. Johnson, editor.

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# Alpha, the Bee that was different.



Martha Ward Dudley  
Illustrated by Iris W. White

**A**LPHA was different from all other bees in her hive. She had glassy wings, golden hair on her legs, and five eyes. So she *looked* like all the other worker bees. But the others knew just what work to do. And Alpha couldn't seem to find the right job.

Alpha knew that bees who don't work can't eat. So she *had* to find some way of helping around the hive. But what job to do?

She couldn't ask the Queen Bee for the Queen was much too busy laying a tiny egg in the bottom of each waxen cell.

"I'll go see what the others are doing," Alpha said to herself. "Maybe I'll find the right job that way."

Alpha crawled over to a nurse bee and watched her reach down "bee bread" to a baby who had hatched out of an egg in the bottom of a cell. "Why, that baby hasn't got eyes or feet!" said Alpha. "It looks just like a white worm! I don't want to be a nurse to worms!"

"Don't be silly," said the nurse bee, "you looked like that once. We all did. Now go along with you and find something useful to do."

Alpha backed away. "That nurse bee seems to like her work all right," she thought. "I wish I could find a job I'd like."

Alpha walked sideways, not thinking where she was going. "Hey, there," buzzed a bee voice. "Be careful where you're stepping. Can't you see I'm mending these broken cells?"

Alpha turned and saw a builder bee stuffing beeswax into her mouth. After the wax was soft enough, the builder patched up some broken edges of honeycomb and then added new cells.

"No use asking her about this building job," thought Alpha. "Her mouth is much too full to answer."

Now another bee flew in with bee glue she had gathered off sticky buds. She gave the glue to the builder bee, who began cementing up a long crack that ran through the honeycomb. "Not quite enough, I guess," remarked the glue-gatherer as she watched. "I'll go get some more bee glue off those poplar buds." And away she went.

"Oh dear," sighed Alpha. "All these bees are so busy. I'd like to be busy too."

**S**HE MOVED ACROSS the sealed-over tops of honeycomb. Just then a bee flew in from her trip to a clover field. She backed toward a storage cell and began prying the yellow pollen off her legs. "That'll make fine bee bread for our babies," she said. Then she gave her load





of flower nectar to a nurse bee who stored it away in honey cells. The field worker seemed quite weary.

"Poor tired thing," thought Alpha. "Look how her wings are tattered and torn! And she's lost most of her golden hair brushing through the grasses. No wonder she's tired. I shouldn't want to tear my wings. But I would like to work out in the sun. Maybe I can find the right job outside."

**A**LPHA started toward the front sill. As she stepped out, she saw a tussle going on to one side. A group of young bees that belonged to Alpha's hive were giving a stranger-bee a terrible trouncing. Luckily the unwelcome visitor got herself loose and managed to fly off on a damaged wing.

"Whew," thought Alpha, "I see I can't go looking for work in any other hive. I'll have to find my job right here."

Some young bees had just spread themselves out across the hive sill. They

began to fan their wings rapidly.

"Where are you going?" asked Alpha. "May I go, too?"

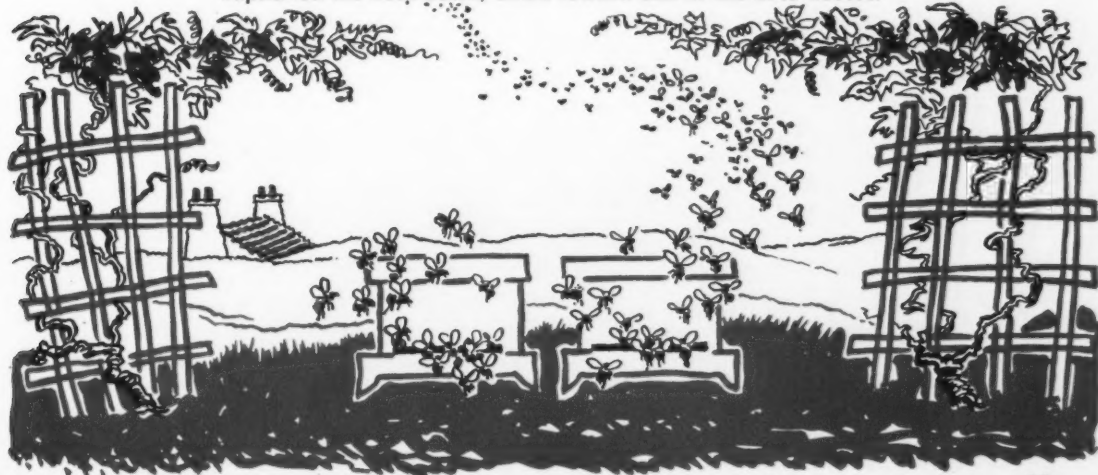
"We're not going anywhere, silly," answered a fanner bee. "We have to keep the air moving through the hive. It keeps the temperature right for the Queen and her new family. And it evaporates the water out of the nectar so our honey will be thicker."

"That's surely an important job," said Alpha. Then she added to herself, "But what fun is it flying all the time if you're just standing still? No, this job doesn't suit me either."

"But, oh dear, they'll surely get rid of me if I don't work. And goodness! Here comes the Queen right now. Probably to order off any bee that's not busy."

**T**HE HANDSOME Queen Bee walked out onto the sill surrounded by her maids and protectors. "We shall *swarm!*" she announced. "It's getting crowded in this hive. A new young queen is going to

Alpha led the bees down, down toward one of the little houses.



rule here. We'll leave her our store of honey and our honeycomb. But we shall go as soon as we can find another place. Who'll be a scout and search for our new home?"

"I will," cried Alpha, quicker than thought, and her wings whirled with excitement. A few others joined her and they flew eagerly up into the sky. At last Alpha had found her work! Out in the sun, doing a job for the hive. And with nothing heavier than news to carry back.

The scout bees flew toward new fields and orchards. Now and again they would examine a hollow tree, a log, or a fence post. Once they even looked at a wide rocky crack in the earth. But none of these places seemed just right.

At last Alpha spotted a farmhouse with two tiny, tiny houses beside it. Near by was a grape arbor and a whole field of blossoming alfalfa. Alpha buzzed down closer and looked around.

There was no doubt about it now. The scout bees flew quickly back to their Queen with the good news.

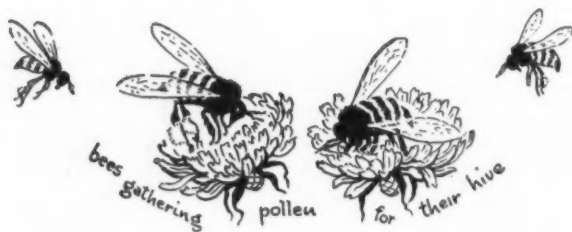
"A grape arbor and acres of alfalfa?" cried the Queen. "We'll leave at once."

So off and up went the whole swarm of bees. At first they looked like a "hazy smoke ball" in the air. Then they thinned out and flew behind Alpha in a bee-line straight toward the grape arbor. But they didn't settle there. Or in among the blossoms of the field. Alpha had kept a little surprise for them.

She led them down, down toward one of the little box houses that had looked so tiny from the air. And there it was! A new white bee hive, all ready for them! It was even furnished inside with a piece of fresh honeycomb to help get them started.

"This is our new home," announced the Queen joyfully. "Our scouts have found as fine a place as I have ever seen. And now to work."

Everybody got busy. Even Alpha (who by now had become like every other worker in the hive) knew what her next job was. She flew busily to the alfalfa field to gather pollen and nectar from the blossoms there. And she quite forgot to worry about her wings, for now she had something even better than good news to carry back to the new home she had helped to find.





Two of the Junior Red Cross members of Pikes Peak Chapter, Colorado Springs, Colorado, who produced posters and essays on forest-fire prevention, pose with their work against a background of historic Pikes Peak.

#### AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS

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The American Junior Red Cross is the  
American Red Cross in the schools

#### *My Health House*

I AM building my health house day by day  
As I eat and sleep and work and play.  
My food is the timber that I use,  
And the best material I must choose,  
Such as milk and vegetables, fruit and eggs,  
While fresh air furnishes nails and pegs.  
And sleep, the carpenter, takes them all  
And silently fashions each room and hall.

If I build aright, when I am grown  
I shall have a house I am proud to own.  
No need for breakdowns and repairs,  
For good material wears and wears.  
So I'm building my health house day by day  
As I eat and sleep and work and play.  
Some build for happiness, some for wealth,  
But I'll find them both in my house of health.

—From the "Queensland Junior Red Cross Magazine" and the "Canadian Red Cross Junior."

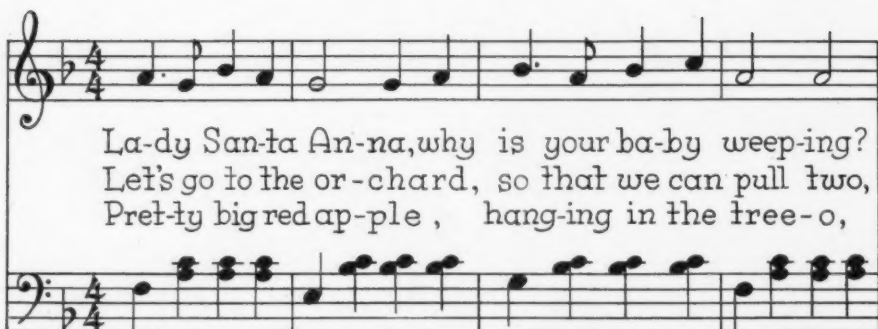


# The Lost Apple

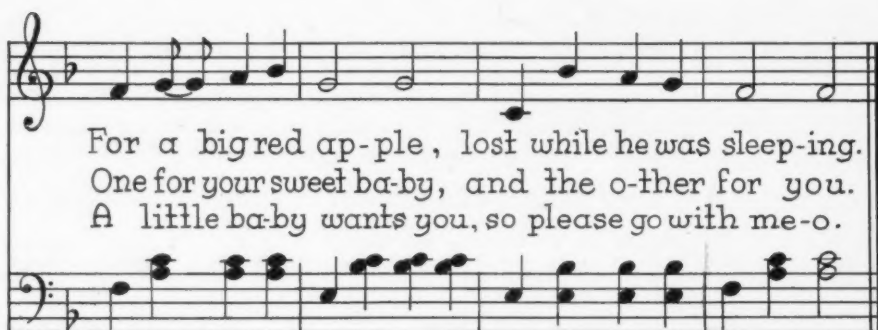


A Mexican Folk Song

Arranged by J. A. RICKARD and HELEN HARBIN



La-dy San-ta An-na, why is your ba-by weep-ing?  
Let's go to the or-chard, so that we can pull two,  
Pret-ty big red ap-ple, hang-ing in the tree-o,



For a big red ap-ple, lost while he was sleep-ing.  
One for your sweet ba-by, and the o-ther for you.  
A lit-tle ba-by wants you, so please go with me-o.

Illustration by Jo Fisher





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